$2.00 " year

MAY, 1952

The Liberalist

PUBLISHED BY THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

A Little Song of Life

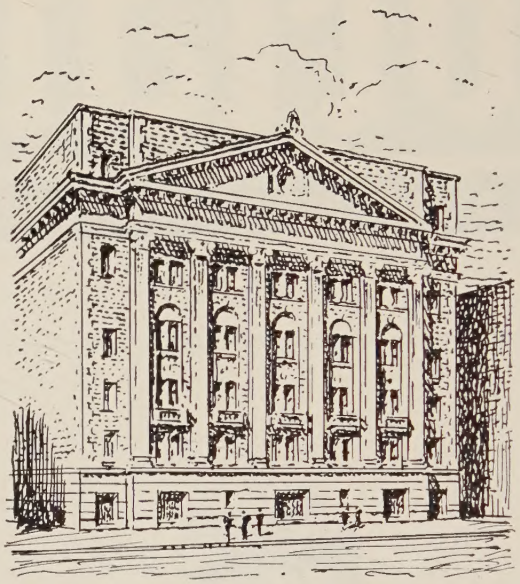
By Lizette Woodworth Reese

Glad that I live am I;
That the sky is blue;
Glad for the country lanes,
And the fall of dew.

After the sun the rain,
After the rain the sun;
This is the way of life,
Till the work be done.

All that we need to do,
Be we low or high
Is to see that we grow
Nearer the sky.

(From "One Thousand Beautiful Things"—Barrows)



THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

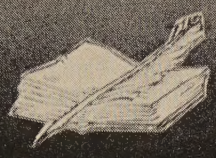
Declaration of Principles

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious, not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

The Liberalist

PRESTON BRADLEY, Editor

GRACE THAYER BRADLEY, In Memoriam



Volume XXIX *May, 1952* *Number 2*

ALONG THE WAY

BY DR. PRESTON BRADLEY

I AM writing these words on Monday, April 14th, the day after Easter. After preaching fourteen times last week, conducting six funeral services and making several hospital and sick calls, I am sure you will be ready to forgive me for any evidence of weariness which might creep into this month's chat *Along the Way*.

We had a most interesting Holy Week in the church. Beginning Tuesday noon and continuing through Good Friday, I preached each noon at the Erlanger Theatre to the largest congregations in years. At the Good Friday noon service the theatre was filled and the service will long remain with me.

Each evening in the church we felt the deepening of the spiritual life of our church. At the Memorial Services on Maundy Thursday evening we held in memory 123 persons for whom I had conducted the last rites during the year. It was one of the most impressive services of the entire week. At the Good Friday night service our Chorus Choir and the Peoples Church Quartet, with Doris Briggs as the harpist and Mayne Miller at the piano, with Professor LeRoy Wetzel conducting, did *The Seven Last Words*. There was a large and an appreciative congregation and the service concluded in an atmosphere impregnated with spiritual influence.

Everywhere I go about the country and meet our radio listeners I hear nothing but words of praise and appreciation for the music of our church. It is as fine as will be heard anywhere; and the musical critics agree. Members of the Quartet were with me all week at the theatre. I appreciate their cooperation in a way which words are inadequate to convey.

After two funerals on the Saturday before Easter, as I went into my Study to plan for the Easter day services, I felt our church had passed through a Holy Week that will mean much to the lives of hundreds of people.

* * *

The concern of every minister on the Saturday before Easter is *What will the weather be like tomorrow?* I went to bed Saturday night feeling that we were going to have a blustery, rainy, cloudy Easter day, for that was our weather all day Saturday. The weather bureau said late Saturday afternoon that it would rain Easter morning, clearing by noon. They were wrong, which pleased me.

I awakened early Easter morning and listened to the broadcasting of the Easter services across the nation. It

was raining, and anything but encouraging. About 8 o'clock the rain ceased and while there was no sunshine, the wind died down and the day was comparatively good. There was no rain until we left the evening service, for which we were all grateful.

Easter Day was one of the most triumphant days in the forty years of my ministry. We had four services, all well attended, and at the 11 o'clock service the church was filled to overflowing with many listening over amplifiers in Anderson Hall. At the evening service at 7 o'clock the church was again well filled for our concluding Sunday Evening Service of the season. In the afternoon service I received a fine class of new members and christened many children. Nearly 5,000 people were in our church on Easter Day.

After all these years of my ministry, the interest and the reception of the people I have tried to serve brings me a deepening sense of responsibility and I hope I can meet that responsibility with humility and courage. Our church was never in better condition than it is today. The organizations are all active and the leadership alert and progressive. There is no doubt in my mind but what there is a renewal of interest in religion. I do not mean a renaissance of the old emphasis on sectarianism, or the neo-orthodoxy which is so prevalent in certain areas, or the ultra-fundamentalistic type of evangelism which is having spectacular and transitory results in certain parts of the country, but I do mean a deepening of a sense of spiritual need in the hearts of people.

It is pitiful that in times of tension, confusion and frustration many people turn to religion and use it as a crutch or a prop. If we could steadily preserve a high standard of moral enthusiasm we could maintain a higher level of life and would be always fortified to meet whatever life has for us. To think of religion only when we are in trouble or in need is not the highest attitude toward religion. Religion is not designed primarily to solve our problems or to strengthen us for the solution of them, but it is preventive as well as redemptive. The highest conception of religion is one in which we live continuously, day after day, on such a high altitude that when the storms do break our house doesn't fall, for it is founded upon a rock.

* * *

To everyone in our church and among my readers and in the radio audience who remembered me with so many beautiful Easter cards and Easter letters I extend my deepest gratitude. Obviously it would be impossible for me to make a personal reply, but I want all who remembered me at Eastertime to know I read every message with encouragement and gratitude.

* * *

I hardly know where to begin to tell you about my 40th Anniversary Services which were held on Sunday, March 30th, all day. The previous anniversaries of my ministry have usually been climaxed with a banquet. This year, when the committee was making the plans, we found that the cost of individual banquet tickets would be prohibitive to many and would be a burden to those families where there were several members who would desire to attend. It was concluded to have two public services where everyone would have an opportunity for participation without any cost involved.

I am glad such arrangements were made, for in many respects it was one of the greatest Sundays of my life and probably will never be duplicated unless I am spared ten years more and can observe my 50th Anniversary, to which I am now looking forward. If the next ten years pass as quickly as

the last ten, it doesn't seem very far ahead."

When I was consulted about plans and was asked about the program, I felt it would be appropriate to invite Dr. Frederick M. Eliot, President of the American Unitarian Association, of Boston, to preach the 40th Anniversary sermon. The invitation to Dr. Eliot was extended months before and as soon as the date had been determined. We all received the news of his acceptance with gladness.

The day was bright and clear with just a prophecy of Spring. When Dr. Eliot and I walked into the pulpit at 11 o'clock nearly 700 people had gathered for the service. I cannot describe to you the feelings of my heart as I arose to read the opening sentences at that service. For the Scripture lesson I read the 13th chapter of 1st Corinthians, which was the first lesson I read on the first Sunday I preached for the Peoples Church, July 7, 1912.

Dr. Eliot made a profound and enduring impression upon the congregation, and the complimentary comments from the radio listeners have been more than ever were received for any other occupant of the pulpit. I have heard Dr. Eliot on many occasions on both sides of the Atlantic, but I have never heard a more appropriate and impressive sermon than he delivered on my 40th Anniversary. To him I shall be eternally grateful.

The evening service at 7 o'clock was in the nature of a citywide expression of appreciation for my 40 years in the metropolitan area of Chicago. The following ministers attended and each spoke appropriately and effectively: The Rev. William Donald, of Bethel Church, of Milwaukee, Wisconsin; The Rev. W. A. Cole, of St. Paul Congregational Church, of Chicago; The Rev. Ray Freeman Jenney, of Bryn Mawr Community Church, Chicago; The Rev. Emerald L. Olson, of Plymouth Congregational Church, Whiting, Indiana; The Rev. Edwin T. Buehrer, of Third Unitarian Church, Chicago; The Rev. Homer A. Jack, of First Unitarian Church, Evanston, Illinois; The Rev. John F. Hayward, of Woodlawn Avenue Unitarian Church, Chicago; The Rev. Dr. Morriston J. Thomas, of Ravenswood Congregational Church, Chicago and The Rev. Dr. Frederick May Eliot, of Boston, Massachusetts, President of the American Unitarian Association.

The concluding tribute was paid by Dr. Morriston J. Thomas, of the Ravenswood Congregational Church, whom I consider to be my own pastor. I have known Dr. Thomas for my entire ministry. We spend our summers as neighbors on our respective little islands in Lake Vermilion at Tower, Minnesota. I have no more loyal friend and there is no finer gentleman in an American pulpit. His talented and lovely daughters grew up through high school with Jimmie and our families have shared many beautiful and delightful occasions together. When I needed a Pastor during the illness and passing of Mrs. Bradley and Jimmie, it was Dr. Thomas to whom I turned and he never failed once. His words to me and to the church at the Anniversary service were strengthening, comforting, encouraging and will linger always in my heart.

There were many gifts presented to me, although the kindness of the organizations of the church constituted for me sufficient compensation for the work of the years. The Woman's Club presented a check for $1,000 to the Building Fund of the Church in honor of the occasion. The Choir presented me with a beautiful library of poetry and a monetary gift as well. The Men's Club made a gracious present of a government bond and a traveling case of

splendid construction and enduring leather which, as I go about my travels will be a constant reminder of our active and growing men's organization in the church. The climax came when Mrs. Ella Kredler, Vice-President of the Board of Trustees, presented me with a government bond from the members of the church and the radio congregation. Mrs. Kredler, in the absence of our President, Mr. Herbert Hunter, acted as Chairman of the evening and did it with her customary grace and charm.

One of the most impressive moments for me was when Miss Joanne Plett, President of the Professional and Business Woman's Club, introduced Mrs. Elizabeth Porter, their Program Chairman. At the left of the pulpit I noticed a large and rather high object, draped and entirely covered with a blue cloth. Its history was explained by Mrs. Porter, after which Miss Plett made the presentation. As the object was unveiled, behold, there was my old pulpit, the first pulpit in the Peoples Church of Chicago, over which I preached my first sermon, forty years ago. The pulpit had been used in Anderson Hall for lectures and Sunday School purposes, and had suffered the penalty of such usage. It had become worn, marred and dilapidated. The Professional and Business Women's Club conceived the idea of having it completely restored to its original form. This they did and had placed upon it a bronze plate which said: *At this pulpit Dr. Preston Bradley preached his first sermon as Pastor of The Peoples Church of Chicago, on July 7, 1912. Dedicated with everlasting appreciation on March 30, 1952.*

I stepped behind my old pulpit and spoke my response to the evening with such a nostalgic feeling I could hardly control my emotions. That old pulpit now will remain a permanent feature on the main floor of the church; and I have noticed at the conclusion of many services since, that people come up and look at it and admire it. I hope it will always remain in the church long after the voice that was first heard from the pulpit has ceased to be.

I received literally hundreds and hundreds of anniversary cards and letters from all over the country. Particularly am I grateful for the letters which have come to me from clergymen, not only of our Unitarian faith, but of other religious loyalties as well. I have received letters from Roman Catholic priests, Bishops, Episcopalian ministers and Bishops, Jewish Rabbis, and three of the most interesting letters came from Dr. John Haynes Holmes, of the Community Church of New York, the Reverend Donald Harrington of the same church, and my dear friend of many years, the Reverend W. Waldemar W. Argow, of the First Unitarian Church of Baltimore. I prize them all. I shall keep them all and perhaps, if I am spared, in the twilight of my life I can sit before a friendly fire and read them all over again.

The congregation of nearly 2,000 people who gathered on the evening of the Anniversary was a cross-section of the civic, educational, cultural and religious life of Chicago. Mayor Martin H. Kennelly, the Mayor of the City, was present, occupying a seat in the front row, and when introduced came to the pulpit and spoke inspiring and kindly words.

All of the joy and the festivity of the Anniversary was under-girded with a deep regret that the two people with whom I have shared all the 35 years of the 40 were not here to enjoy it all with me. Mrs. Bradley and Jimmie had both looked forward to this 40th Anniversary and who knows but what they were there too.

And now that my 40th Anniversary

is such a beautiful memory, we turn our faces toward the future. The object of an Anniversary is not only to affirm a past but to predicate a future. May the future bring to our church an ever-increasing realization of its need in a world bewitched and tortured by hate and misunderstanding, where tensions are increasing. And in the words of the poet Browning, *Let us greet the unseen with a cheer!*

* * *

Two hours after I finish these words I shall be on the Panama Limited on my way to New Orleans where, on Wednesday, April 16th, I shall sail on the *S. S. Chiriqui* for Panama, the Canal Zone. I am going to spend twelve days on the ship, relaxing and resting. There will be no sermons, no lectures, no broadcasts. I am just going to rest. On my way from Panama I shall stop at Honduras and then arrive in New Orleans on Monday, April 28th, and be back in Chicago Tuesday morning, April 29th, to resume a heavy schedule until the church closes the second Sunday in June.

In the next *Along the Way* I shall tell you of my trip and my experiences. As I look back over Holy Week, Easter Day and my Anniversary, my heart overflows with gratitude that I am honored to be the pastor of our church; and to all who have remembered me so graciously, written so kindly, and attended our services so faithfully, I extend my appreciation and my love.

THE NECESSITY FOR HOPE

SERMON BY DR. PRESTON BRADLEY
SUNDAY, MARCH 2, 1952

THIS is the first Sunday of the Lenten season. There will be five Sundays in March, then the first Sunday of April which is Palm Sunday, followed by that climactic Sunday known throughout the Christian world as Easter Day. Increasingly the Lenten season is being emphasized by churches and religions of all denominations. For centuries the liturgical churches have always emphasized the importance of Lent. It has occupied a distinct place in their church calendar and in their liturgy; but increasingly the churches which are in the Protestant tradition are beginning to recognize the spiritual values of emphasizing over this period those ideals and personalities which have much to do with the spiritual transformation of humanity. This is to be noted in the increased awareness of the Lenten season on the part of the metropolitan press of the nation and on the part of manufacturing institutions. I learned only yesterday that one of the largest manufacturing concerns in this city was holding a noonday daily Lenten meditation for the people who are engaged in their factory. There are many instances to show that people are becoming increasingly aware of the need for fortifying themselves against whatever the future might have by an adequate and competent and spiritual vitality.

We have very little concern with Lent from an ecclesiastical or liturgical point of view. Our church has never emphasized Lent as a part of an ecclesiastical calendar, but in spirit we share heartily and deeply with all

churches, both Roman Catholic and Protestant, who are using the period for the purpose of enhancing and deepening our alertness to the need of spiritual vitality. Therefore I am beginning with this service today a series of five Sunday morning Lenten sermons which I am going to preach upon the general subject of "FIVE NECESSITIES FOR THESE TIMES" — five necessities. Every Sunday morning until Palm Sunday I shall deal with a particular necessity. This morning specifically the subject of the sermon is THE NECESSITY FOR HOPE. I am beginning the series with the necessity for hope.

Whatever might be your interpretation or mine of what the future may involve for us and what the future may do to us, nevertheless, the reality is that we must live through it. *I know not what the future hath of marvel or surprise* but I do know that if my life is spared and yours, we must be a part of that future. In other words, there can be no escape from tomorrow. Whatever tomorrow brings, whatever it means, whatever happens to us, if life persists, we will live in the future. Therefore we have to begin upon the basis of the fact that we will be required to live through the future. We must meet this future and share whatever is going to happen to us and must live in whatever kind of a world ultimately is solidified out of the molten mass of misunderstanding and hatred of today; whatever is going to happen to our nation politically in the decisive year which is before us of 1952; whatever happens in 1953 and 1954 and 1955 and 1956 to our country, we are going to be here and we are going to be a part of it, and we must live through it. This is true in the broad aspect of society. It is equally true in the more intimate area of our personal relationships with the future. Whatever is going to happen to you as individuals, you must live with that too. If it is to be failure, we must live with that. If it is to be triumph and victory, we must live with that. We cannot run away from it. You and I must live with someone who is a part of us and the real us, the real self. And you may try artificially every single technique to escape but you can't do it. You can try alcohol or narcotics, or entertainment, or travel, or reading, or music. You can try anything you choose. You can try the glitter and the glamour of life. You can try everything but you can never run away from you. There may be temporary moments when the demonstrations of your personality and the revelation of your inner reality might be subordinated, but all at once you will face yourself again. There will always be the *morning after.* There will always be the dangerous moment of remorse. There will always be *I. I am I. I didn't escape at all. I thought I had completely obliterated that. I thought I could forget. I thought I could abandon it. I thought I could run away.* And then, staring at you from around the corner, looking into your eyes from the mirror, haunting you in the night, would be you! And you would say *I am I. I didn't leave myself anywhere along the way, did I? I thought that I had completely divorced myself from I—the I in me.* But you didn't.

One of the primary, elemental, permanent basic things that each of us must remember from the first awakening of moral and personal consciousness of our own identity (it may have come at three or four, it may have been a little later) whenever it dawned upon you that you were you, that I was Preston Bradley and I would be Preston Bradley until the last breath of my life and that everything gravitated, moved, rotated about the I that was

my identity with life, that is a pretty good place for the person who has felt that there is no hope for them; that life has treated them so tragically and disastrously that there is no reconstruction of their life; that character is in the gutter and reputation in the mud; that ability to develop security for living has been utterly dissipated in the vaporous quality of their own inability; that something has happened to you from which there can be no recovery; that a great ghastly stain has colored life; and that whatever the future has, wherever you go, whomever you meet, whatever you see, whatever you try to do, there is the present reality of you and because of the tragic world of your own disaster there is no recovery possible, and you must go on to the end, and so you try to find the surcease from the agonizing, gnawing experience of remorse and look for rest only in the one you think might be your best friend —death. If that is your situation, and these tragic words of mine should fall upon the ears and find their way into the heart of someone listening to me or someone in this church, hear me on this first Sunday of the Lenten season. There is nothing you have done; there is nothing you are; there is no tragedy which has crowded the horizon of your life; there is no sin so death-dealing to the soul; there is no failure—hear me now—I am trying to say it as impressively as I know how—if you are listening. I want you to know that there is nothing that you are, nothing you have been, no experience of your life that can keep you from the forgiving transforming beauty of Divine Love!

If I can kindle a tiny spark of hope, a little spark of hope in your life—I can't make you see the full import of that truth if there isn't a little glow in your life. If you are the kind of person, while I speak to you, who is saying to yourself *Oh, what's the use? What's the use?* If you do not realize the tragedy of having struck bottom in your life; if you do not realize that, I must find somewhere, as I make almost a clinical approach in my desperate effort to touch your sick heart and your stricken soul, that there is a little light somewhere. I know there is a little light in your life, no matter how dark it may be. Do you know how I know that? Because you are listening. Just because you are listening. If you weren't out there on the other side of this radio on your loud speaker listening to these words right now, I wouldn't be sure. But I know you are there. And I look at the faces in this congregation this morning and the mere fact that you are here right now, that is the light. It is there. And no matter if in this church this morning there is the worst criminal or the most disgusting type of individual; no matter if you are so polluted by the depravity of passion and sin that your soul is scarred and blackened; though you may have lied, betrayed, falsified, injured, hurt another and your own conscience is worried; no matter—there is a little light in your life.

Why did you come to the church this morning? Why did you tune in on your radio? Why are you listening now? I know. It is the light! There is a little inner light, a glow, and among all the sin and the filth and the dirt of life; amid all the tragedy of your failure, your sense of inadequacy and incompetency, you try so hard and then fall so low time after time after time, stumbling and faltering along the highway of the years; and you felt there was no hope and no future; but there is a little bit of a light, a little glow. It might not be many watts. It might not have much candle power, but it is a glow. And there is where I begin. You know what that glow is? You know what that light really is?

Hear me, my disillusioned friends; hear me, my friends for whom the church, religion and God have lost all meaning so that you are impervious to them and they mean nothing to you—millions like that—millions for whom religion is but a travesty and the beautiful truths and the spiritual sublimity that are incorporated in the divinity of Divine Truth touch them not at all. You see, you can harden your hearts. A person can become so calloused that they are impervious to the penetration of beauty and goodness and love. It is not your fault. I am not condemning you. I am pitying you. I pity deeply the calloused heart. I pity deeply the person who is so surrounded by the unimportant and insignificant that they are hardened and stifled and their souls begin to solidify and grow cold. I pity you. But even so, there is hope for you. There is hope for you. There is a little light.

Not too long ago a man sat opposite me at a desk. He was a man who had won acclaim in the city; a man who had built up a very fine business; a man who had three lovely children, each of whom was a credit to his name; a devoted and a loyal companion in the woman of his life and his heart. Suddenly, through some selfishness that is hardly explicable, this man started to disintegrate. Soon his honorable technique in business indicated a little *shady* practice here and there and it grew. You know, the devastating part and the devilish part of dishonesty is the fact that it never starts with something big and colossal—it grows. The bank teller who takes the final $50,000 as happened in Pennsylvania some weeks ago started with $500 three years ago that he could replace. It is the first little step that matters. And this man sat in front of me and revealed a story of over four years of accumulation, winding up with an uncontrollable appetite for alcohol; winding up with two disastrous affairs in which women were involved; winding up with two of his three children walking out of his home and saying when this revelation all came out *I never want to see you again and I shall change my name immediately.* That was the reaction of two of his children.

The man sat opposite me. I have seen in my time some pretty tragic characters. I don't think I ever saw one more tragic. (My confessional is as sacred as any confessional on earth, and my ears have heard stories that are as inviolate as honor itself.) And as he unfolded that story of getting deeper and deeper into the mire and filth of it all, he said *And now I have come to this answer.* And he took from his pocket a little vial of potassium cyanide and he laid it on my desk and he said *Dr. Bradley, this is the end.* I said *Why have you come to see me? Because I had to. I have left a note and it will be found but I wanted to tell you. I want you to preach my funeral sermon. There won't be many people there and it will be hard, for I am a rotten hulk of a man.* Those were just the words he used. *I am rotten through and through,* he said to me.

I looked at him and said *No, you're not. You are not rotten through and through at all.* I said *I agree with you that you may be rotten, but you are not rotten through and through.* He said *What do you mean?* I said *The mere fact that you are here, that you came to see me—there is something deep down in your heart, Mr. Rotten Man, or you wouldn't have come here. You would have gone into the bedroom or into your room and you would have taken that bottle of cyanide without saying anything. If you had done that, then I would say you were rotten through and through, but you didn't do that. There is something fine in you*

still. There is a light. We are going to find it! and we did. The children are back home. The business is being reconstructed. The rottenness and the failure of his life have evaporated. What did it? He found the light of hope in his heart!

Never let that light go out. Hear me, every lonely, contrite, suffering heart! Hear me! There is a light. It is the light of hope. I wonder what that light is composed of? I think I know. It is God's love. Why is the light there? The light is there because God loves us. And when you get so filthy and vile and distorted and your life seems to crowd upon you in one great tragic blunder, the love of God for you never lets go. God loves you. *God loves you.* And the proof of that love is that your life can be entirely different. It can be something else. It can be beautiful.

I knew another man in this city, a business man. He was going through some tragic experience which was not his fault. There are a lot of people who are victims in the world and things happen and it is not their fault. And so with this man. It was not his fault. He was having grave trouble and he was the victim. He was having great difficulty with his business. Things were going to pieces. He was becoming a nervous wreck and his friends saw it and they all tried to help him. And one morning he went into his office in utter despair. He felt that would be the last day of the honorable business to which he had given his life, and it was an honorable business and he was an honorable man and he was a victim. And he went to his desk and he thought *What am I facing this day? This is the end of the road. I am finished.* And on his desk was a single red rose with a little note that said *I am praying for you.*

He picked up the note, *I am praying for you.* He looked at the solitary red rose. He never knew who sent that rose. He went down the list of his friends, his associates, all who were near to him and he thought it might be from his wife. He never knew. But that single rose was the symbol of hope and hope was reborn in his life!

Sometimes I think I would rather find the little glow of hope in the heart of someone; sometimes I think I would rather send someone a lonely, lovely red rose and find a way to the reconstruction of that life than be President of the United States or be a man who is given a brilliant display of his weight in diamonds!

Find the light and the glow this Lenten time. Find it. And those of you who have found it, you help someone else to find it and you keep the light aglow upon the altar of your soul until the day breaks and the shadows flee away.

DR. BRADLEY'S MAY SERMONS

Sunday, May 4—A Preacher's Holiday
Sunday, May 11—Mother! America's First Lady
Sunday, May 18—Religion—Indoors and Out
Sunday, May 25—The Perfect Tribute

THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

941 Lawrence Avenue

Sunday School—Mr. Robert Crosswhite, Superintendent..... 9:30 a.m.

Sunday Morning Service—Broadcast WJJD.....11:00 a.m.

Sunday Evening Service..... 7:00 p.m.

Wednesday Evening Book Lectures (November through Easter)..... 8:00 p.m.

Woman's Club—Monday, May 12th, Spring Luncheon. Belden-Stratford Hotel, 2300 N. Lincoln Park West. Guest speaker, Dr. Preston Bradley. Guest artist, Evelyn Reynolds, mezzo contralto, opera and concert singer. Honored guests, Mrs. Charles S. Clark, Pres., Conference of Club Presidents and Program Chairmen; Emma J. Hildebrecht, Pres., Ninth District, Illinois Federation of Woman's Clubs..12:00 noon

Professional and Business Women's Club—The May date and place of Spring Dinner to be announced.

Men's Club—Monday, May 26th. Program to be announced.

The Uptown Players, J. Bradley-Griffin, Founder-Director.
In Memoriam

Channing Club (young people of High School age)
May 2 and 16 in Bradley Hall..... 8:00 p.m.

Choir Rehearsals—Every Thursday night in the Church Auditorium.... 8:00 p.m.
Auditions ..... 7:30 p.m.

Usher's Club—Wednesday, May 7th, Anderson Hall..... 8:00 p.m.

Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 187, every Thursday night, Anderson Hall..... 7:00 p.m.

Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 301, every Thursday Anderson Hall.. 3:30 p.m.

Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 860, every Friday, Anderson Hall... 3:30 p.m.

Brownie Scout Troop No. 630, every Friday, Bradley Hall..... 3:30 p.m.

Boy Scouts, Cub Pack No. 3864, April 25, Anderson Hall..... 7:30 p.m.

DR. BRADLEY'S RADIO SCHEDULE

WJJD—Every Sunday Morning the entire church service is broadcast..11:00 a.m.

The Liberalist

FREEDOM—FELLOWSHIP—CHARACTER

PRESTON BRADLEY, LL.D., D.D.....Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY.....In Memoriam
ETHEL WELLS SMALLEY.....Assistant to the Editor
MAY H. HARRISON.....Business Manager

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR — TWENTY CENTS A COPY

Published on the First Day of the Month

Address All Communications to

THE LIBERALIST—941 LAWRENCE AVE., CHICAGO 40, ILL.

We assume no responsibility for unsolicited manuscripts, articles or poems.

EDITORIAL

I DON'T want to be misunderstood for what I am about to say. So much is done for little children; millionaires die and leave millions for the benefit of little children, and that is good. But if I could have my way and if I were a millionaire, I would look after the old people. There is no greater tragedy in the world, none, than for a person who has had a home, raised a family, been a good person and a good citizen, to find himself old, homeless and alone. That's a greater tragedy than the tragedy of any child.

Our whole civilization is geared to helping the young; our whole philosophy is pretty largely for them. Every week of my life I am at Old Peoples Homes up and down this town, and they are the tragedies in my heart. If there is anyone who can spare $500,000, and you will come and see me, I will buy the lot right next to my church, and the house on it, both of which are for sale, and I will tear down that house and build an Old Peoples Home for the benefit of 200 homeless old people that I know of tonight. Children do not know what is going to happen, but the old people have cause to worry. Of course I am in favor of helping children, but the old people are a problem and that problem is going to be increasing

Do you know that three men out of every five over the age of 65 are dependent upon families or relatives or some sort of charity? Somebody has got to take care of them. Take that into consideration with the increasing press of financial need makes this idea that it can be unloaded successfully onto some form of social security or old age pensions perfectly ridiculous. The pitiful inadequacy of the old age pension people are getting now is tragic.

There must be a continuity of employment. No one, I don't care who he is, ought to be thrown out of a position merely because they are 60 or 65—never!

We must reorganize and readjust our whole economic situation so that everybody who has a job through the years will be able to build a security

for themselves and not depend on the State.

The last of life should be the best for which the first was made, says Browning, and if we expose our minds and our bodies to what is fine in life, and if we can solve our individual economic difficulties and have our environment fit that purpose, then it will be a beautiful thing to live a long time. I don't know anyone in their right mind who wants to run away from it. We all want to stay here just as long as we can.

The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By ETHEL WELLS SMALLEY

JUST one week before copy for this May Liberalist had to be prepared the 40th milestone of the church and of Dr. Bradley's pastorate was celebrated. What a grand celebration it was! When I came to work Monday morning, following that all day Sunday celebration, Dr. Bradley said he hadn't really had any sleep till 5 o'clock in the morning. The two services, morning and evening, had been so stimulating, exciting, nostalgic and thought-provoking that his brain just refused to relax and quiet down until the early morning hours. That Monday Dr. Bradley's schedule called for a funeral, then a trip to South Bend for an installation service, installing Rev. Irvin A. Gaede at the First Unitarian Church of South Bend. From there to South Haven, Michigan, for the South Haven Kiwanis Club, back to Chicago late that night, with three funerals on Wednesday, starting at 10 o'clock, some sick calls and a book lecture Wednesday night, leaving early Thursday morning for Peoria to address an Illinois Scottish Rite Reunion, returning to Chicago in the wee hours, arriving here about daylight on Friday. And thus it was a trying week preceding Holy Week and Easter services.

But to go back to Sunday, March 30th, the morning service was inspiring, with a splendid sermon by the Rev. Dr. Frederick May Eliot, of Boston, President of the American Unitarian Association. Prof. LeRoy Wetzel, the Choir and the Quartet gave us such beautiful music! Dr. Bradley's family, his sister and her husband, Mr. and Mrs. Russell V. Judson, of Linden, Michigan, Mr. and Mrs. Al Lind, one of his nieces and her husband, and young Preston Bradley Lind, his namesake and son of Mr. and Mrs. C. Lind, all from Dr. Bradley's home town of Linden, Michigan, came to be with him for this celebration.

At the evening service, the auditorium of the church was filled to the rafters, with people standing, and a very great many turned away for lack of room. Occupying the platform with Dr. Bradley were many ministers of Unitarian Churches and of other churches both in Chicago and outside of it, all come to do Dr. Bradley honor and pay him loving tribute.

One of the ministers present brought

out in his talk that Dr. Morriston J. Thomas, of the Ravenswood Congregational Church, of Chicago, to whom Dr. Bradley refers in his Along the Way as his own pastor, will soon be celebrating his own 40th Anniversary.

The Honorable Martin H. Kennelly, Mayor of Chicago, congratulated Dr. Bradley on his 40 years of service to his church and to the civic welfare of Chicago, and occupied the platform with the visiting clergymen. All spoke briefly in praise of Dr. Bradley's great contribution to the pulpit, to his church and to his vast radio and civic audiences; the younger ministers especially mentioning the great help and inspiration given to them in their work by Dr. Bradley over the years.

I felt the absence of Mrs. Bradley and of Jimmie and realized how happy this occasion would have made them both.

Mrs. A. S. Kredler, Vice-President of the Board of Trustees, acted as chairman in the absence of Mr. H. B. Hunter, President of the Board. Mrs. Kredler called upon the heads of the various organizations in the church, who came upon the platform one by one and presented their loving gifts to Dr. Bradley. As Mrs. Kredler, representing the church, presented Dr. Bradley with a generous U. S. Government Bond, she explained that it was the combined contribution from members of the church and of the radio audience and was made up of gifts ranging from as low as 25c on upwards. This, she knew, would appeal to Dr. Bradley, for he has often said when the offering is about to be received, that a thousand gifts of a dollar each from the many are more important to him than the single gift of a very large amount, for they represent the loving thought of the many who compose his great audience. Mrs. Paul Raabe as the pro tem President of the Woman's Club in the absence of Mrs. E. Wilbur, presented the gift of her club.

Mrs. Elizabeth Porter, Program Chairman of the Professional and Business Woman's Club, told of the restoring of Dr. Bradley's first pulpit to its original condition, and then presented the President, Miss Joanne Plett, who made the presentation for the club. The lovely old oak pulpit had been bought and paid for by Dr Bradley himself, and had been covered through the years of use in the Sunday School with loving but "home-made" refinishing jobs which had completely obliterated its original fine oak finish. The club had taken a particular joy and pride in doing something which they knew would please Dr. Bradley, for he had often wished it might be restored.

Mr. Walter J. Springer, President of the Men's Club, presented their gifts; and Howard A. Wentz, II, as President of the Choir, represented his group. Mr. Paul H. Raabe, President of the Ushers' Club, did the honors for them.

Prof. LeRoy Wetzel, Director of Music, had prepared a beautiful program of music for the evening and the Church Choir and The Peoples Church Quartet made the "rafters ring."

Though Dr. Bradley said he felt utterly inadequate to express his great gratitude, he did so with deep feeling. It was altogether a homey, informal and memorable evening, and at its close Dr. Bradley asked the congregation to sing the old familiar "Blest Be the Tie That Binds."

* * *

Letters, telegrams and cards of appreciation and congratulation have poured into the church office and the Study from near and far. Just dipping into the Mail Bag for a look at the names of places from which some of these have come, we find among them, Norfolk, Nebraska; Mason, Grand Rapids and Sheboygan, Michigan;

Cincinnati, Ohio; Janesville, Wisconsin; Baltimore, Maryland; (and by the way, a dear old-time member of the church known to many as "Mother" Zoehrns, sent a very delicious home made cake all the way from New York, and it arrived in good condition); Ft. Wayne, South Bend and Marion, Indiana; Daytona Beach, Florida; So. Pasadena, California; Azalea, Oregon; Oxford, England, and a great, great, many more. Just to quote a few expressions without giving all of the letters might prove of interest:

"The founding, building and pastorate of the greatest church in the world for a period of 40 years is a record which very few men have been able to leave as a monument to their lives. To me you are the greatest preacher it has ever been my privilege to listen to, because of your wonderful mind, your sound thinking, your eloquence, and above all your great heart and soul."

* * *

"I want to thank you most sincerely for some of your recent messages in The Liberalist. I have read them with appreciation, because I know the man behind the message. 'When the Road Gets Slippery' has been a particular inspiration to me, in view of the fact that I am returning to a preaching ministry."

* * *

"The Liberalist is my second Bible; I guard each copy so jealously, because I want to re-read lots of the things they contain. My only sorrow is that *all* your addresses are not published. I am hoping with all my heart that many of them will some day be published in a complete volume. The people who live near the church just cannot imagine how torturing it is to hear a splendid title announced or a book review and to know one has to deny one's self the privilege of hearing each one. It is one of the most painful things I have to accept because of living away from Chicago."

* * *

"Doctor, I can't tell you how much the Sunday morning sermons have meant to me the past few weeks. In spite of all the heartaches of the past two years, I really believe you are doing some of the finest preaching of your career. Every sermon such a gem of wisdom and inspiration."

* * *

"I first heard you long ago in the theatre on Sheridan Road, and you instilled something in me that has remained with me to this day."

* * *

"You are doing so very much to make Chicago a better city! We Chicagoans know Chicago is a better city than it was years ago, because of men like you! I haven't been too well for the past two years. The mornings I don't go to my own church I listen to you. Your sermons have meant and do mean more than I can ever tell you!"

* * *

J. Harry Moore of this city, in a letter to George V. Denny, of Town Hall, in which he was urging that Mr. Denny present Dr. Bradley in a Town Hall program on the subject of Abraham Lincoln, said:

"I hope I may make the further suggestion that Dr. Preston Bradley, pulpit orator and lecturer of international fame, is most adequately qualified to participate in a discussion on the life and character of Abraham Lincoln. Dr. Bradley, pastor of The Peoples Church of Chicago, one of the largest and most influential in the city, has been widely acclaimed for his authoritative and eloquent Lincoln addresses.

"Thoroughly abreast of the times, this liberal religious leader and distin-

guished author is an intrepid voice in civic affairs. He is a talented advocate whose great ability and force have gained him wide recognition. An object of tremondous local pride and affection, I am certain Dr. Bradley would prove a delight to throngs of Town Hall 'Neighbors.'"

* * *

"Thank you! Dr. Bradley, from one who cares and who hopes you care. More power to you in the years to come. For you have the knack and the ability to guide where guidance is needed, among the great middle class which holds the balance of power and does not know its strength or how to use it best—which you are able to and do show them how to do. All success to you! There are too few such earnest souls!"

* * *

From Dr. Bradley's dear poet friend, Thomas Curtis Clark, came the following:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

Your postman, I am sure, has been very busy of late, but we do want to burden him with one more letter to be delivered at your home.

Today is a great event for you and for your remarkable church. Dr. Eliot's tribute to you is richly deserved. What Mrs. Clark and I think of you and your work I shall not tell you again—you are too busy. But all we have told you before—double it and accept it from us with congratulations upon this day of rejoicing—and, I must add, much sadness.

The poem you read, "Let Us Go Back," was written 25 years ago, but I think it more timely than when it was written. In more recent years our world has strayed farther than ever from the "better things." There is little opportunity today for "plain, good friendliness." Hatred, suspicion, fear have taken over almost everywhere. But thank God for Preston Bradley, who steadily keeps many thousands alert to the better things! I have never known a minister who so consistently ministered to the *lives* of people.

Mrs. Clark and I still keep busy. Just now we are working on yet another anthology, "Poems of World Brotherhood"—which of course will not be published until this "police action" and the cold war are past. Perhaps then people will listen to the utterances of the dreamers—the poets.

We are looking ahead with you—and your great congregation, to those next ten years. You will make it—and, as you say, with cheer!

With love from us both,

Sincerely,

Thomas Curtis Clark.

* * *

L. Verna Simons, D.O., of Grand Rapids, Michigan, after telling Dr. Bradley how helpful and inspiring one of his Sunday sermons had been, said she long ago had found that God's way of answering prayer was to be ever ready to lead us to do the answering, and then she told the following story which she had heard years ago:

Rastus had prayed for years to the Lord to give him liberty, but he remained a slave. Then one night Rastus claimed the Lord said to him: "Rastus, you has liberty in your laigs, if you'd use 'em!" "So," said Rastus, "I just got up and runned all night and in the morning I was a free man."

* * *

Mrs. N. J. Abram, of Pontiac, Illinois, has been in the hospital since September with a broken hip. She sent a beautiful letter of gratitude and enclosed these beautiful lines she had written:

I cannot go where God is not,
For God within me dwells.
He walks with me, Oh, blessed thought—
My heart with rapture swells.

I walk in joy, in peace, in light;
I'm strong, I'm rich, I'm free;
God is within and all is right—
He walks, He talks with me.
No grief, no fear, no lack, no pain;
No clouds can 'round me stay.
God dwells within, Oh generous gain,
God walks with me each day.
I cannot go where God is not—
I seek Him, He is there.
His love for me deep peace has brought;
Swift answer to my prayer.

* * *

Dr. Bradley recently asked his radio audience for a hearing aid for a church member, and this was supplied. Their letter of gratitude follows:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

We want to thank you for the hearing aid you gave to Mr. Jones. We do appreciate it so much, as he can get so much more out of your sermons. It makes us very happy to be members of your church and to be able to help in all of its activities. It is a great pleasure to us.

We can never be grateful enough to God for the kindness and thoughtfulness Mr. and Mrs. Harrison have shown and we just love them both.

Our wishes on this 40th Anniversary are that you may be blessed and be able to continue for many more years with us.

Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Jones.

* * *

Early in March, Dr. Bradley went to Sheboygan to officiate at the funeral of a friend of 30 years' standing, Art Kade, who was the founder of the Fly Crafter's Shop of Sheboygan, Wisconsin. Nationally known creator of flies for fly-casting, he was one of the early members of the Wisconsin division of the Izaak Walton League of America. A letter came from one who was associated with him in the fly-tying industry for many years. It is too long to give in its entirely, so we quote from it:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

When you left us in Sheboygan, your parting words were for us to write; that you would be waiting to hear. I think you understood our need to have someone to talk to, even though it might be only through the medium of a letter, and so out of the great kindness of your great heart, you opened a door for us, where one has so recently been closed.

You have been a part of the Fly Shop for as long as I can remember. Your picture has hung on the wall here for fourteen years, and no day has passed without someone commenting on it, and asking to know more about you. Such an invitation was all Art needed! You were a favorite subject of his; the only member of the clergy with whom he was in complete accord, and a fisherman besides!

Your infrequent visits to Sheboygan, and to the Fly Shop, have been highlights in my life, as were those other times when Art was able to take us to hear you when you were speaking in nearby cities. One particular time I remember we met you in Milwaukee after you had been with Harry Lauder. We met you in the lobby of the hotel, and you visited with us until long after midnight. It was many years ago, even before there was a Fly Shop—how long since Harry Lauder made his last farewell tour?—yet the impression remains fresh in my memory.

I think of what you said while you were in the Fly Shop, that I would be told that time heals all things. You said, "I wish they'd tell me how much time." And I think of your Jimmie's golf clubs standing mutely in their corner, and the things Mrs. Bradley loved, remaining quietly where she placed them, and I realize that beyond and beneath all the grief you bear for others, you have this enduring sorrow and pain of your own . . . this sense of

loss, and the emptiness of places once filled with loved sights and sounds. And I wish that I might help *you,* instead of coming to you for help.

From where do you draw the strength, the kinetic energy, the boundless vitality that must sustain you? Is it a matter of self-discipline? Does it come from Faith? Is it found in Prayer? Oh, Dr. Bradley, to ask a minister these things! I think what I'm trying to ask is "how?" How does one begin to understand? How does one begin?

It's growing late and your pipe must be almost out. Thanks for letting me talk to you. Just to know you will read this with charitable eyes is comforting.

* * *

Mrs. Frank J. Bilek, Corresponding Secretary of the Woman's Club, sent to Dr. Bradley a letter the Woman's Club of the Church had received from Margaret Covington, a student at the Art Institute of Chicago. The Woman's Club, as we reported in a recent Liberalist is contributing each year for ten years toward a scholarship for an art student, in memory of Mrs. Bradley. The student this year who received the benefit is Margaret Covington. She writes:

Dear Mrs. Wilbur and Club members:

I am one of the students at the School of the Art Institute who received the Grace Thayer Bradley Scholarship and I am very grateful to you for this assistance. It came at a time when my need was especially great, so I'm sure you understand how much I appreciate it.

I hope to be able to repay your kind group with an appropriate painting or two some day soon. Thanks, again.

Sincerely,

Margaret Covington.

* * *

Charles B. Sampson of Chicago sent some verses he called Inspiration, dedicated to Dr. Bradley, and because of their ring of sincerity, we close with two of them, as our space is running out:

The People's Church is proud of you,
Because you never shirk.
To them you've given forty years
Of hard, continuous work.

I wish for you the best of health;
You're one man I adore;
May God give you more strength to serve
This year, and forty more!

KEEP - ON - THE - BEAM!

BOOK CHATS

MRS. WILLIAM FRECKING of Salt Lake City, Utah, sent me a little book of 152 pages as a token of gratitude on my 40th Anniversary. It was autographed by the author, Virginia Stillman, D.D., and is entitled "Lifts."

Virginia Stillman, so the publishers tell us, has been for many years prominently active in a number of organizations functioning in "better living" projects of both civic and national scope. Her efforts have won for Salt Lake City a National Award for distinction as a city alert to "less noise" and happier living. She promoted motor-pedestrian safety as Secretary of the Women's Safety Council of Salt Lake City and the Women's Safety Council of Utah. She is active in the

Federated Women's Clubs and the Salt Lake Council of Women, and has served as President of the Parent-Teacher Association. She has received a ministerial degree from the Humanitarian Fellowship (non-denominational) of San Francisco and Reed College of the same city has conferred a Doctor of Divinity degree upon her.

In "Lifts" the author speaks very directly to you. My secretary, Miss Smalley, picked up the book when it first came to my desk and couldn't put it down, so it must be attractive to women. There is a section on YOU; on PROBLEMS; FORGIVING; ALL-OCCASION; LIFTS; VALUES; YOUTH TONIC; COSMETIC MAGIC; SUCCESS PSYCHOLOGY; SUCCESSFUL LIVING; YOUR MIND-SELF; WITHIN.

I have often reminded my audience that there is nothing new under the sun. Perhaps there is nothing new in "Lifts," but it is all stated in just a little bit different way—a very direct way. To give a definite example of the book, I turn to a chapter called "THERE ARE NO PROBLEMS." The author says "We make them—really we do. And, we can UNmake them—really we can. In ignorance and dullness we can easily make a problem out of almost any set of: facts, conditions, circumstances. Because of lack of understanding—our own inadequate vision—we all too often create the very problems that make us suffer. The proof? As soon as you get: a hunch, an idea, a little LIGHT and better SIGHT, you see a SOLUTION. That NEW VIEW can easily clear up your trouble, because it opens a way—an insight of either: Something to DO, or, something NOT to do. And your problem is gone. It is SOLVED.

"The facts, the circumstances, the conditions didn't actually 'duck under the table' or run away from you. Chances are, all those things which were the problem to you, are still there . . . but you have turned a new or different Light on them; and maybe some of the things you saw before, are dimmed out; or have so changed in color that the 'new light effect' puts a very different glow on all those things which 'scared you to pieces' before.

"You did it. It was a splendid bit of MASTERY. Mastery of a situation, because of a greater SELF-MASTERY. You rose in your understanding—or, you turned yourself around from the understanding you had, and looked at it all from the opposite, or a different, way. Who knows? Maybe you have been looking at it backwards; and as soon as you turn your mental and emotional SELF around (so to say) and look at the same thing frontwise . . . 'Things' didn't change—but your attitude, your approach, your thinking, your feeling DID.

"Too often we do all this the 'hard way'—changing our views—because to survive, WE HAVE to anyhow. But let's do it:

"THE EASY WAY . . . the understanding way . . . the way of Willing Insight. Yours will then be a great step forward in self-mastery. Whatever it is—and wherever you are—look to the THINKER, the KNOWER, in YOU. To that 'God something' for your instruction, direction, guidance. There is a 'Problem-less Way.' LET it reveal itself to you—by YOUR LETTING it be revealed within your own UNDERSTANDING."

I have not paragraphed as the book paragraphs. Each short chapter is composed of short paragraphs with much use of italics and of upper case letters. Her chats on HAS A RUT GOT YOU? Run; and RADIANT SELF-EXPRESSION! Keep out of the rut, are worth the price of the book. She talks on VALUES, character-soul building.

The book is full of values for YOU. If you can gain help from such a book, and inspiration, then you will love "LIFTS," by Virginia Stillman, D.D.

* * *

By the time Book Chats is in print, a book will have been published called "Trial Judge." It is the candid, behind-the-bench story of Justice Bernard Botein, who was appointed, in 1941, a Justice of the New York State Supreme Court. He was born in New York in 1900 and educated in the schools and colleges of that city. At the time of his appointment he was practicing law actively as a senior member of a prominent law firm. He had also earned a distinguished record in public service. As Governor Lehman's trouble shooter, he had investigated the State Insurance Fund and state printing frauds. On behalf of the Bar Associations of New York he had headed an accident fraud inquiry, which in 1938 earned the American Bar Association award to the local bar association rendering the activity most beneficial to the bar and the public. He is the co-author of a book entitled "The Slum and Crime," which was quoted repeatedly by Senator Wagner in his fight for remedial housing legislation. He has contributed frequently to law journals and insurance periodicals. He is married and has two children.

As to the style of the book, Eleanor Roosevelt said: "I have finished Trial Judge and I want to tell you I found it a delightful book to read. I think also that it has great value from a spiritual and moral standpoint. Having approached it with the idea that I was going to find it heavy, I was delighted to find I didn't want to put it down for a minute."

The publishers, Simon and Schuster, tell us that in "Trial Judge," Justice Botein gives the answers in dramatic terms to such questions as these: What ticks beneath the impersonal judicial robe? What thoughts race behind the impassive judicial countenance? Does a judge retain the capacity for pity and indignation? This is a candid, behind-the-bench account of his own ten years as a justice of the Supreme Court of New York County, in which it is evident that he brought to his high judicial office a great purpose, a fresh excitement, a total lack of prejudice and pretentiousness that illuminated his courtroom.

He discusses by way of fascinating anecdotes from his rich experience, such bugbears as influence in the courts, lawless jurors, inadequacies of the trial process, lawyers' tricks, and judges' devices.

Justice Botein said he wrote the book primarily for laymen, secondly for lawyers. He has been peppered with questions by both laymen and lawyers for years which show avid interest in, and abysmal ignorance of, a judge's job. He thought it unhealthy to make a secret of it, so thought the book was in order. He is a passionate believer in safeguarding our basic rights, and he demonstrates with absolute conviction and with actual fact not only how they work, but that they do work.

* * *

On 21st of April Simon and Schuster published Robert Brittain's dramatic story of the one war in which all men are allies—the war against hunger. The book is called "Let There Be Bread." The author, Robert Brittain, is a poet, a professor and a radio commentator who has also become a specialist on the hopeful aspects of scientific research in promoting human welfare. In a radio series called "Science Looks Ahead," broadcast over WMCA, he built the largest audience any science broadcasts have reached in the New York area. He has taught at Texas Technological College, Ohio State University, Queens

College and the American University set up by the U. S. Army at Biarritz, France. He is a graduate of the University of Oklahoma, with M.A. and Ph.D. degrees from Princeton.

Lord John Boyd Orr writes a foreword to the book. He was former Director General of the United Nations Food and Agriculture Organization and winner of the Nobel Peace Prize in 1949 for his own work toward solving the great problem of human hunger.

This is a hopeful book about science and war—the only war all human beings can fight with whole hearts: the war against hunger. It is written in simple, non-technical language, presents the overwhelming evidence, drawn from all over the world, that modern science and human ingenuity can make our plundered planet a fit place to live for more and more people. The book is an optimistic account of how this most pressing problem of the twentieth century can be solved.

Lord Orr says "We must look forward to our children inhabiting a world with a population double what it was before the last war. Can the earth support 4,000 million people? This brilliantly written book will convince the unbiased reader that with modern science this can be done."

There is an introduction, called "The Great Invasion." Part One is titled "World Enough," and its chapter headings are Resurrection of the Dead—The Crops Move North—The Habitable Tropics — The Land Nobody Plows—Salt-Water Frontier. Part Two is called "Food Enough," and its chapters are All the Rivers Run Into the Sea—Nets to Catch the Wind—Battle Against Disease—Waste Not, Want Not and Makers of Abundance. Then there is a conclusion called "The Open Door."

For anyone who likes to keep in touch with scientific progress, especially where it vitally touches all human life, this book should prove interesting.

* * *

G. P. Putnam's Sons published last month the book "El Campesino—Life and Death in Soviet Russia." I think all Americans whose sensibilities are strong enough to stand this book should read it. It is written by Valentin Gonzalez and Julian Gorkin. Valentin Gonzalez is known as El Campesino, a tough, resourceful fighter, who has spent his life defying tyranny, whether that of Franco or of Stalin. He began his career by eluding the police to become a great hero on the Republican side in the Spanish Civil War. He survived it with many incredible escapes from danger.

After the surrender he was hailed in Moscow where he was accorded the singular honor of attending the Frunze Academy, the famous Moscow school of military science. The highly individualistic Campesino soon found himself in hot water with the Party, in imminent danger of being branded a Trotskyite. After many adventures in trying to leave Russia he made his way across the border into Iran only to be picked up by NKVD agents and returned to Moscow. He was placed in the Lubianka prison, grilled, tortured, condemned—but he did not confess. He spent the next few years in a succession of Russian prisons and concentration camps, from Siberia to the Caucasus. He came through it all finally, in 1949, with the help of friends in Russia, and made good his escape to the free world.

This is a tense narrative of action, played out against the background of the world's greatest struggle. It is a revealing picture of life in Russia—without privacy, with every move reported to the police not once but several times each day. How even the hardiest of giants could live through

what one reads is difficult to imagine. But I think it is well to know what the world is up against in dealing with Russia. After reading El Campesino one can hardly blame anyone for failure in dealing with that country. One cannot read the book without believing all that is in it.

* * *

It is almost significant that I picked up "The Fear of Freedom," by Francis Biddle, even as I laid down the last mentioned book, "El Campesino." "The Fear of Freedom," was published by Doubleday in November of 1951, but it would be well, after reading the book about Russia to read this comprehensive study of the treatment of subversives in America, by the Attorney General, Francis Biddle, under Franklin D. Roosevelt. There is an introduction by Harold L. Ickes, in which he says "In this informative and wise book, Francis Biddle once more has made a contribution of a high order to the public welfare. Like an experienced physician, he quietly feels the pulse of a patient, preparatory to telling him that hypochondria cannot be cured by surgery or medication, that it will yield only to self-control and sanity . . . and prescribes the only method by which this mass perturbation may be overcome. A general reading of this book, especially by members of Congress and of other legislative bodies throughout the land would have a cleansing effect upon minds clogged with unjustified imaginings and self-induced apprehensions."

Mr. Ickes continues, "As an expert witness on bona fide un-American activities and legal methods for detecting and policing them, the author of this book rates high. Not having been called to give evidence on a subject on which he is so well qualified to testify, Francis Biddle has now voluntarily come forward with facts and conclusions that it would be good for every American who loves his country to consider carefully. . . . Men and women who still prefer to die on their feet, rather than live on their knees, will honor a man who stands forth to bear witness to what is the essence of unpolluted pre-Dies Americanism. And none is better qualified to do this than the writer of this brave and timely volume."

In the final chapter of his book, a chapter which Francis Biddle calls "The Choice Ahead," he states: "I have sketched in the preceding chapters the contemporary spread of hysteria in the United States, suggested some of its causes, and briefly compared similar periods in English and American history which throw some light on the present mood of intolerance. This book is primarily intended to describe a situation which thoughtful men today consider dangerous, rather than to spell out the specific solutions which they would substitute for the present techniques to insure national security. . . . First of all, the seriousness and scope of the problems must be recognized to which the methods of protection that I have described are responses. . . . How can we protect our nation from acts of disloyalty and subversion that may endanger our national security, and at the same time preserve our traditions of freedom? What procedures are necessary to achieve this end? Why are the present means failing to do this? . . .

"Charles Evans Hughes once said that the peril of this nation was not in any foreign foe, but in the people: 'We, the people, are its power, its peril, and its hope.' The future of our liberties rests today with the people, as indeed it always has. If we remain timorous and uncertain under this queer obsession; if we are afraid to trust the

strength and certainty of our own fundamental ideas of freedom; if our form of humanism becomes no longer a living faith but a doctrine of convenience, now outmoded, then our future will not be free as our past has been.

"We cannot rescue the human being from the mechanical forces in economics and politics which deaden the play of his spirit without a reassertion in the American belief in the freedom of that spirit. It is the only faith that can achieve life for the living."

These last two books mentioned are provocative reading.

DR. BRADLEY'S ENGAGEMENTS

MARCH 16 TO APRIL 15

MARCH

16—Two services. Peoples Church
17—Address. Adult Evening School. Funeral.
Banquet, Senior High School, Woodhull, Illinois
19—Book Lecture. Peoples Church
Address. Albany Park Masonic Temple
20—Sick calls.
Address. 10th Anniversary Girl Scout Troop No. 187, Peoples Church.
21—Funeral
23—Two services. Peoples Church
Christening
24—Address. Western Springs Masonic Lodge, Western Springs, Illinois
25—Hospital calls
Address. North Suburban Woman's Club, Rockford, Illinois
26—Address. Award Luncheon.
Friends of American Writers, Congress Hotel
Book Lecture. Peoples Church
27—Two funerals.
30—Two services. Peoples Church
Christening
31—Funeral
Installation Address. First Unitarian Church, South Bend, Indiana

APRIL

1—Address. South Haven, Michigan High School for South Haven Kiwanis Club
2—Three funerals
Book Lecture. Peoples Church
3—Address. Annual Consistory Dinner. Shrine Auditorium, Peoria, Illinois
4—Two weddings
5—Wedding Sick Calls
6—Two services. Peoples Church
Address. Civic Opera House.
Honoring Gen. Orsborn of Salvation Army
Two christenings
7—Funeral
Sick calls
Opening of Holy Week services Peoples Church
8—Opening of Holy Week services Erlanger Theatre
Sick calls
Holy Week service. Peoples Church
9—Two funerals.
Erlanger Theatre noon service
Peoples Church service
10—Erlanger Theatre noon service
Funeral
Sick calls
Peoples Church service
11—Erlanger Theatre noon service
Peoples Church service
13—Easter Sunday. Four services Peoples Church
Christenings
New members received
14—Left for two weeks vacation

FUNERALS

MARCH

17—Mrs. Frances H. Boardman
21—Frank Wilkins
27—Attendance at funeral of Marty Kadlicek
Adele Blauer Waskow
31—Frank Karp, Sr.

APRIL

2—Sam Christian
Mrs. Emma Hahne
Henry Sonnenschein
7—Charles F. Vesely
9—Mrs. Etta White
Frances Corta
10—Major James E. Brown
12—Burnett Robbins
Mrs. Dorothy Lendino

WEDDINGS

APRIL

4—Nora Minor and
Albert Maynard
Jean Gibbon and
Arthur Schultz, Jr.
5—Ingrid Magnusson and
Hasan Shaban

CHRISTENINGS

MARCH

23—Judith Diane Berkowitz, daughter of
Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Berkowitz
30—Penny Ann Novak, daughter of
Mr. and Mrs. Robert Novak

APRIL

5—Patricia Ann Lawson, daughter of
Mr. and Mrs. Roy Lawson
Neil Edward Poggensee (adult)

EASTER CHRISTENINGS, APRIL 13

Eleanor Terese Alcantara, daughter of
Mr. and Mrs. Francisco Alcantara
Robert Don Balfanz, son of
Mr. and Mrs. William Balfanz
Valerie Irene Ciancio, daughter of
Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Ciancio
Robert Dean Hall and Patricia Arlynn Hall,
son and daughter of
Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hall
Richard Earl Kueltzo, son of
Mr. and Mrs. Earl Kueltzo
Mary Jane Mitchell, daughter of
Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Mitchell
Terry Lee Pickard, son of
Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur Pickard
Robert Stewart Smith, son of
Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Smith
Bonnie Jane Stacy, daughter of
Mr. and Mrs. Henry Stacy
Carole Joyce Stone, daughter of
Mr. and Mrs. Milton Stone
Joyce Rose Vechiola, daughter of
Mr. and Mrs. Francis Vechiola
Leslie Gay Wells, daughter of
Mr. and Mrs. Robert F. Wells

The Following New Members Were Publicly Received into the Peoples Church Easter Sunday

Mr. Herbert James Achey, Jr.
Miss Elizabeth Anderson
Mrs. Olive Batt
Mr. and Mrs. John Bocskay
Mr. Samuel Cichon
Mrs. Rose Cichy
Miss Anada Cosgrove
Mrs. Esther E. Cosgrove
Mr. William C. Crill
Mr. and Mrs. Robert J. Deal
Mr. and Mrs. Edward Does
Miss Patricia Dunlap
Mrs. Anna M. Engstrom
Mrs. A. L. Gloack
Miss Alfhild Hannu
Mrs. Dorothy House
Mr. George Jensen
Miss Louise Keith
Mr. Edward H. Khonigan
of Park Ridge, Illinois
Mr. and Mrs. Allan Krell
Mr. and Mrs. Earl Kueltzo
of Palos Heights, Illinois
Mrs. W. A. Kundert
Mr. and Mrs. S. R. Lyter
Mr. and Mrs. Valdemar Madsen
of Skokie, Illinois
Mr. Richard Mansfield
Mrs. Dorothy Mason
Mrs. Rose McCulloch
Mr. Carl Miller
Mr. Paul W. Moore
Mrs. Helen Neubauer, from St. Timothy's
Evangelical Lutheran Church
Mrs. Louise Pacek
Mr. Phillip Powers
Mr. Edward A. Rechtin
Miss Roberta Rosseter
Mr. and Mrs. Paul F. Schwarzlose
of Champaign, Illinois
Mr. Richard Schwarzlose
of Champaign, Illinois
Miss Frances B. Shields
Mrs. June C. Smalley
Mr. Karl Speelman
Mr. Norman A. Thelen
Mrs. Mae Therriault
Miss Carol G. Traverse
Mrs. Lorraine VanEtten
Mrs. Leonora Walsh
Mrs. Dorothy Wigdahl
Mr. Howard Wynia
Mr. Chester E. Zarr
Miss Marilyn J. Zich

DIRECTORY

THE PEOPLES CHURCH, Lawrence Ave., at Sheridan Rd.

Time of Service 11:00 A.M.

Affiliated with: American Unitarian Association, Boston; Western Unitarian Conference, Chicago

PASTOR

Preston Bradley, LL.D., DD.

EXECUTIVE OFFICERS

H. B. Hunter, President
2304 Farwell Ave. (45) AMbassador 2-0561

Mrs. A. S. Kredler, Vice President
4231 N. Oakley Ave. (18) Keystone 9-6233

Thos. A. Harrison, Sec'y-Treasurer
941 Lawrence Ave. (40) LOngbeach 1-6878

May H. Harrison, Secretary
941 Lawrence Ave. (40) LOngbeach 1-6878

BOARD OF TRUSTEES

Wm. L. Berglund — Mrs. A. S. Kredler
Robert Crosswhite — John F. Langhoff
Thos. A. Harrison — L. E. McCloy
H. B. Hunter — John N. Powell
H. S. Simpson

COMMITTEES—Finance Committee

Mr. H. S. Simpson, Chairman
Mr. Thos. A. Harrison
Mr. John N. Powell

Auditing Committee

Mr. L. C. McCloy, Chairman
Mr. Robert Crosswhite

Church Service Committee

John F. Langhoff, Chairman
All members of the Board assisting

Social Committee

Mrs. A. S. Kredler, Chr. — Mr. L. E. McCloy
Mr. Robert Crosswhite — Mr. Karl H. Lemke
Mr. John F. Langhoff

Membership Committee

Mr. John N. Powell, Chairman
Mrs. Frank Bryan — Mrs. A. S. Kredler
Mr. Wm. L. Berglund — Mr. L. E. McCloy

Music Committee

Mrs. A. S. Kredler, Chairman
Mr. John F. Langhoff — Mr. L. E. McCloy

Contributions and Pledge Committee

Mrs. May H. Harrison
Mrs. Wm. Emrich
Mrs. H. B. Hunter

Literature Table—Mrs. Frank Bryan

Mrs. Wm. Emrich

Floral Chairman—Mrs. Jacob Tolk

MUSICAL DIRECTORY

LeRoy Wetzel, Director of Music and Organist
4251 W. Irving Park Rd. (41) SPring 7-7500. Studio Harrison 7-6584

SCHOOL OF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION

Robert Crosswhite, Superintendent
5729 Cornelia Ave. (34) AVenue 3-2955

Mrs. May H. Harrison, Treasurer
941 Lawrence Ave. (40) LOngbeach 1-0472

Mrs. Robert Crosswhite, Secretary
5729 Cornelia Ave. (34) AVenue 3-2955

CHOIR

Howard A. Wentz, II, President
2741 Hampden Court

Mrs. Alice Raabe, Sec.

Mrs. Esther Nonnenbruch, Soc. Chrmn.

Jacob Tolk, Librarian

USHER'S CLUB

Paul Raabe, President
4239 N. Ashland Ave. (13) BIttersweet 8-4958

Karl H. Lemke, Vice President
3536 N. Bosworth Ave., Chicago 13 BIttersweet 8-3764

Fred L. Soell, Treasurer
3107 Belle Plaine Ave. (13) DIversey 8-7494

Arthur J. Williams, Jr., Secretary.
4237 N. Hermitage Av. (13) DIversey 8-7494

James Woods, Sergeant-at-Arms
1033 Lawrence Ave. (40)

WOMAN'S CLUB

Mrs. Preston Bradley, Honorary President
In Memoriam

Mrs. Ethel B. Wilbur, President
7738 Eastlake Terrace (26) HOllycourt 5-6706

Mrs. Paul H. Raabe, 1st Vice-President
5821 N. Cicero Ave. (30) PEnsacola 6-7865

Mrs. Harry D. Stone, 2nd Vice-President
4950 Marine Drive (40) RAvenswood 8-7912

Mrs. C. R. Swanson, Rec. Sec.
4337 Clarendon Ave. (13) LAkeview 5-8708

Mrs. Frank Bilek, Corr. Sec.
837 W. Sunnyside Ave. (40) UPtown 8-3481

Mrs. Bertha Koch, Treasurer
870 Nelson St. (14) BIttersweet 8-7743

Directors

Mrs. W. L. Jones, Mrs. William Emrich, Miss Edith Anderberg, Mrs. James Coughlin and Mrs. Harry D. Stone

THE PROFESSIONAL AND BUSINESS WOMAN'S CLUB

Miss Joanne Plett, President
917 Lawrence Avenue(40) ARdmore 1-2752

Mrs. Alice Pearson, Vice-President
4604 Beacon St. (40) UPtown 8-6047

Mrs. Jane Jones, Treasurer
1261 Argyle Street (40) ARdmore 1-9301

Miss Dollie Kolberg, Rec. Sec.
4340 N. Wolcott Ave. (13) GRaceland 2-4793

Rosemary Christensen, Corr. Sec.
2805 N. Leavitt St. (18)

MEN'S CLUB

Walter J. Springer, President
4419 N. Racine Ave. (40) LOngbeach 1-9520

Harry H. Perry, Vice-President
919 Judson Ave., Evanston Greenleaf 5-6229

Harold Hansen, Secretary
2218 Carmen Ave. (25) EDgwater 4-5998

William Emrich, Treasurer
949 Lawrence Ave. (40) ARdmore 1-0983

THE UPTOWN PLAYERS

J. Bradley-Griffin, Founder and Director
In Memoriam

PRESTON BRADLEY AUXILIARY

Mrs. Florence Curtis, President
1435 Elmdale Ave. (26) UP. 8-0037

Miss Esther Nordstrom, V. Pres.
7737 W. Hortense St. (31) NEwcastle 1-7185

Miss Dollie Kolberg, Sec.-Treas.
4340 N. Wolcott Ave. (13) GRaceland 2-4793

INTERMEDIATE GIRL SCOUT TROOP NO. 187

Miss Betty Boaz, Leader
7637 N. Greenview Ave. (26) ROgers Park 4-5742

INTERMEDIATE GIRL SCOUT TROOP No. 301

Mrs. Walter Goering, Leader
912 Leland Ave. (40) UPtown 8-2282

INTERMEDIATE GIRL SCOUT TROOP NO. 860

Mrs. Carl Swanson, Leader
4337 Clarendon Ave. (13) LAkeview 5-8708

BROWNIE SCOUT TROOP NO. 630

Mrs. Lester Nelson, Leader
909 Wilson Ave. (40) LOngbeach 1-8450

THE LIBERALIST

WE CAN think of no finer gift for a friend, a relative or a neighbor, than one which will remind them of your love every month in the year.

Our Liberalist is such a gift. We are trying to make this a most vital and inspiring church magazine. Every number contains a sermon by Dr. Bradley and special articles of interest and inspiration. All of the activities of the Church are emphasized. Every month there is an interesting department which Dr. Bradley writes, called "Book Chats."

There are also editorials, stories and articles, Book Reviews, and one of the most interesting features is the Radio Mail Bag in which Miss Ethel Wells Smalley every month gleans from the heavy radio mail inspiring comments to pass on to readers.

If you desire to send this magazine to a friend and will send $2.00 to Mrs. Thomas A. Harrison, Subscription Manager, Peoples Church, 941 Lawrence Avenue, we will send a Card announcing your gift. The magazine is now in its twenty-seventh year of publication, and goes all over the United States and to many foreign lands. Why not send your $2.00 today? It will come regularly every month. No one connected with the publication receives any compensation and all funds above the cost of production go directly to the Treasury of the Peoples Church to help our financial problem. Please subscribe.

Subscription Coupon

The Peoples Church of Chicago,
941 Lawrence Avenue,
Chicago 40, Illinois

Please enter my subscription for THE LIBERALIST for One Year, beginning with the current number.

Enclosed find Check..... for $2.00.
Money Order.....

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State.....

BOY SCOUTS
CUB PACK NO. 3864

Herbert Greiner, Cubmaster
4842 N. Winthrop Ave. (40)
RAvenswood 8-7781

CHANNING CLUB

George Jensen, President
2033 Bradley Pl. (18) BIttersweet 8-5037

Diane Havorka, Vice-President
4451 N. Winchester Ave. (40)
SUnnyside 4-0666

Roberta Rosseter, Secretary
4183 N. Clarendon (13) DIversey 8-2541

Paul Raabe, Treasurer
4239 N. Ashland Ave. (13)
BIttersweet 8-4958

ANNOUNCEMENT!

☆ NEW EDITIONS OF DR. BRADLEY'S BOOKS NOW ON SALE EVERYWHERE

"MY DAILY STRENGTH" AND "MEDITATIONS"

These two handy-size volumes contain page after page of the inspiring messages of Dr. Preston Bradley, just as they were spoken from the pulpit of The Peoples Church of Chicago. Here are help and comfort for the sick in body and spirit, courage for the fearful, hope for the hopeless. Through the fog and darkness of the troubled world, these simple, soul-refreshing messages stand like steadfast beacons lighting "the highway to the stars."

MEDITATIONS and MY DAILY STRENGTH have clear, easy-to-read type and a handsome format. Their size is convenient for carrying in one's pocket. They are ideal for presents and remembrances for every gift-giving occasion.

Send your orders to the church office, 941 Lawrence Avenue, Chicago 40, Ill. Price, each $1.00.

• • • • •

Also Available at THE PEOPLES CHURCH
941 Lawrence Avenue, Chicago 40, Illinois

Dr. Bradley's Books

"NEW WEALTH FOR YOU" $1.00

Other Books by Dr. Bradley

"Mastering Fear"
"Courage For Today"
"Life and You"
"Power From Right Thinking"